

DRIFT DAYS
IN OPEN BOAT

Terrible Shipwreck Experience of Capt. Kay, His Wife and the Crew of the Bark Florence Edgett.

CAUGHT BY A HURRICANE.

Struck Their Ship on Sept. 18 and Waterlogged Her, Then They Floated in Her Helplessly Until They Took to the Open Boat.

Twenty-seven days on a water-logged ship, working continuously to keep her from sinking, then ten days afloat for 1,400 miles in a heavy sea in an open boat before they reached land, were the terrible experiences of ten men and a woman who arrived in this port to-day from Trinidad.

The woman was the wife of Capt. Kay, of the British bark Florence B. Edgett. The men were the Captain and his crew of nine.

With the lack of observation peculiar to seamen, Captain Kay, who is detailed to record their experiences in detail, save in the briefest way. It does not appear to occur to them that to drift on the ocean for more than a month, nearly all the time within sight of the States path of steamships, and not to be observed, was out of the order of chance of peril that a sailor takes. But enough can be gleaned from their report to make one of the most absorbing stories of the sea that has been told heretofore for a long time.

Preparations That Saved.

The Florence B. Edgett, a stanch bark of 181 tons, built at Digby, N. S., in 1890, had been sailed by Capt. Kay and out of parts in all parts of the world. She left Bear River, N. S., on Aug. 25, loaded with lumber for Buenos Ayres. In anticipation of a long and tedious voyage the captain had laid in a big supply of provisions and water. To this fact is due the safe arrival of him and his crew in New York to-day.

Story of the Captain's Wife.

Mrs. Jennifer Kay, the wife of Capt. Kay, is a handsome Canadian Frenchwoman, twenty-seven years of age. She is stopping with the mother of her husband, Mrs. J. Kay, at No. 573 Twelfth street, Brooklyn, and has nearly recovered from her experience in the shipwreck.

"I have made several voyages with my husband," said Mrs. Kay this afternoon, "but this is the first time we ever had any trouble. There was plenty of warning of the storm that was our undoing, but we were not prepared for the severity of it when it came on Sept. 18.

"It seemed to us that there were volcanoes erupting under the surface of the ocean. The ship was tossed about under water. During the first night of the storm I was lashed to a mast, protected to some extent by a coil of lumber. If it had not been for our lumber cargo we would not have lived out the storm.

"The vessel was simply torn to pieces inside. My trunks were broken open and lost. My jewelry and clothes. All our provisions were water soaked and salt water got into our fresh water, making it almost unfit to drink. Half the time while we were aboard the ship the decks were awash. We remained on the ship for twenty-seven days without sighting a sail.

"When we came to go away in the long boat on Oct. 15, my husband rigged a jury mast in the bow and screened off a sort of a little cabin with barrels and pieces of sail for me in the stern. We put aboard a plentiful supply of provisions, but our limited stock of food in the blistering sun, and for five days before we were rescued we lived on ship biscuits soaked in water. As we were in a bad way toward the end, I was unconscious most of the time for the last two days we were in the long boat.

Men Suffered Most.

"Nevertheless I suffered less than the men, who had to stand watch and keep a lookout. One night we saw the lights of two steamers, but could not attract their attention. At another time we saw steamship smoke close by, but could not come up to the vessel.

"We had no nautical instruments in the boat, but my husband steered so well by the stars that we finally made the harbor of St. George.

"We sighted land on the morning of Oct. 25 and as soon as we saw it the sailors began to sing. They sang until we reached shore and the noise attracted a great crowd, who were astonished to see our little boat coming in.

"We remained in St. George five days. The wives of the planters furnished me with clothing and the planters themselves supplied my husband and crew with apparel. We were dined at the Government House and made a great deal of generally. On the ship we were back to New York we were treated royally.

"Are you going back to sea again?" asked the reporter.

"Certainly," replied the captain's wife. "I love the sea and where my husband goes I shall go. My first voyage—my honeymoon trip—was from Boston to Cape Town. I suppose all who follow the sea must expect to be wrecked once in a while, but I hope I will never happen to us again."

LADY STERLING
WINS AT 5 TO 1.

Belles Commoner, the 9 to 5 Favorite, Takes the Second Event in a Hard-Fought Finish.

DARK PLANET IN THE THIRD.

"Pikers" and Long-Shot Bettors Flock to Aqueduct Course for Last of Racing on Metropolitan Tracks.

THE WINNERS.

FIRST RACE—Lady Sterling 1, Potente 2, Demurser 3.

SECOND RACE—Belles Commoner 1, Harry New 2, Huntress 3.

THIRD RACE—Dark Planet 1, Watkins Overton 2, Ponca 3.

FOURTH RACE—Last Knight 1, Andy Williams 2, Dr. Riddle 3.

FIFTH RACE—Rigodon 1, First Chord 2, Sheriff Bell 3.

SIXTH RACE—Goldaby 1, Attila 2, Solomon 3.

(Special to The Evening World.)

AQUEDUCT RACE TRACK, Nov. 6.

—Seekers after fortune were again present at Aqueduct this afternoon. The success of the long shots has furnished many a "piker" with a stake, and he is sending it along in the hope of winning out a bank roll for the winter.

On the other hand the favorite players have been badly cramped at this course, for only two out of twenty-seven have been successful in the last four days.

How the final three days of the meeting will wind up is what all the layers, "pikers" and smart ones are trying to guess.

The weather was a bit dismal at the track, for there was a fog and a drizzle of rain. The air was warm, however, and there was not enough rain to hurt the track.

The stake feature this afternoon was the Stony Brook, which had a small but select field engaged at a mile and the average to-day, but this was something to be thankful for.

Demurser was claimed out of the first race by Schaeffer and Meyer, owners of Brunswick.

Seven furlongs. FIRST RACE.

Starters, white, jockeys. St. H. Fin. Str. Place. Belles Commoner, 10, 5 1/2 1 9-5 7-10 Potente, 105, Shaw, 2 1/2 2 5-2 5-2 Demurser, 112, Knight, 2 1/2 3 6-2 6-2 Brunswick, 101, Gannon, 10 3/4 4 2-3 2-3

St. George, 105, Shaw, 2 1/2 5 5-2 5-2 The Huguenot, 108, Shaw, 4 2/2 6 4-5 4-5 Ben Howell, 103, trainer. 5 2 7 4-5 4-5

Miss Buttermilk, 100, 2 3/4 9 2-5 2-5 Morokantu, 108, M'haie, 11 1/2 10 30 10 Anak, 103, Minder, 8 4 1/2 15 6 Start good. Won driving. Time—1:27.5.

Demurser, The Huguenot and Miss Buttermilk raced head and head to the front, followed by Anak and Lady Sterling. They held this order to the turn, where Demurser drew clear of the field. In the run home Lady Sterling, raced to the front and, stalling off a rush by Potente, won by a head. Potente was a length and a half in front of Demurser.

SECOND RACE.

One mile and seventy yards. Starters, white, jockeys. St. H. Fin. Str. Place. Belles Commoner, 110, 4 1/2 1 9-5 7-10 Harry New, 105, Martin, 3 1/2 2 10 10 Huntress, 100, Redfern, 2 1/2 3 5-2 4-5

Artistic, 108, Arnes, 5 1/2 4 1-2 1-2 West, 105, Craythorn, 5 1/2 5 1-2 1-2 Hermeneus, 35, Michaels, 6 5/2 6 10 3 Par Excellence, 59, Waugh, 5 2 7 20 3

Start good. Won ridden out. Time—1:45. Belles Commoner went to the front soon after the start, made all the running and won clearly by a length and a half. Harry New raced with the favorite to the stretch, where he weakened, but lasted long enough to beat Huntress two lengths for the place.

THIRD RACE.

Six furlongs. Starters, white, jockeys. St. H. Fin. Str. Place. Watkins Overton, 105, 9 7 2 8-2 Melatre, Ponca, 108, Shaw, 1 1/2 3 12 6 Maudie, 105, Michaels, 12 1/2 4 10 5 Nixus, 105, Gannon, 4 5/2 5 12 3

Oloche D'Ore, 105, M'ndre, 9 6 10 4 Cuckie, 108, C'rause, 5 7 12 12 Bakali, 105, Nelson, 11 1/2 10 20 8 Danke, 100, Polak, 12 1/2 11 40 15

Wheeler, 105, Michaels, 5 1/2 12 10 5 Gittie, 105, Redfern, 5 8 13 10 4 West, 105, Craythorn, 5 1/2 14 10 4 Turpin, 105, Scott, 14 1/2 15 15 6 Pine Top, 105, Ford, 15 1/2 15 15 6 Jim Barr, 105, M'ndre, 15 1/2 15 20 20

Start good. Won ridden out. Time—1:15. Ponca, Mendenhall and Dark Planet ran in close order to the stretch, where Mendenhall quit. Ponca and Dark Planet then fought it out to the last furlong, where Dark Planet drew away. Watkins Overton then challenged but Dark Planet held his own and won by a length and a half from Watkins Overton, who was three lengths in front of Ponca.

FOURTH RACE.

Stonybrook Stakes; mile and a sixteenth. Starters, white, jockeys. St. H. Fin. Str. Place. Last Knight, 52, Craythorn, 2 1/2 1 1-4 Out Andy Williams, 134, Lyons, 2 1/2 2 1-4 Dr. Riddle, 106, J. Martin, 1 1/2 3 4-5

HANNA WIVES
HAVE A TRUCE.

No. 1 and No. 2 Visit Each Other in the Waldorf and Are Now on Terms of Real Friendship.

LITTLE DAN SETTLED IT.

Met His Father in Hall of Hotel and Rode in Elevator with Him—Wife No. 2 Sent the Lad a Present.

The friendship that existed between Mrs. Dan Hanna No. 1 and Mrs. Dan Hanna No. 2 when they were girls in Cleveland has been renewed if outward signs are to be believed.

Both are living in the Waldorf-Astoria in rooms a short distance apart, they have visited each other and speak pleasantly to each other when they meet.

Should both, escorted by Mr. Hanna and accompanied by Dan, Jr., the son of the first wife, appear in the Palm-rooms of the Waldorf-Astoria at the same table, it would not surprise those who have watched recent developments in the Hanna matrimonial tangle.

A report that has not been denied is that Mrs. Hanna No. 2 has sent to the son of her husband by his first wife a toy fire department, including engine, fire-house, hook and ladder truck and every other appurtenance—altogether an expensive present. Possibly this fire apparatus present was meant as a hint to the first Mrs. Hanna that it was time to extinguish the flames of animosity.

At any rate, the youthful Dan has his toy and has been allowed by his mother to thank Mrs. Hanna No. 2.

Child Leads to Reconciliation.

Since Mrs. Hanna brought her three children to New York a year ago, accompanied by a woman friend, she has ambugled them off to Europe despite the efforts of her former husband and his father to detain her, she has seen Dan Hanna at various times, but never under circumstances such as surrounded their meeting at the Waldorf-Astoria a few days ago. Face to face with her former husband and his second wife she was passing them by when her little boy broke from her clasp and crying "there's papa!" ran to his father. It was an embarrassing moment and out of it grew what looks like an impending reconciliation.

The meeting of the Hannas was entirely accidental. Mrs. Hanna No. 1, who divorced her husband three weeks ago, has been at the hotel since the beginning of the fall season. When she came to New York she had her three boys with her. Two of them have been sent to school at Asheville, N. C. The remaining child, Dan, who is seven years old and a sturdy, handsome youngster, has shared room No. 364 on the third floor of the Waldorf, with his mother.

At the other end of the suite of which the room occupied by Mrs. Hanna and her child forms a part, is room No. 364. When Mr. Hanna and his wife arrived at the hotel last Tuesday, the clerk assigned them to this room.

It so happens that the rooms are separated only by a narrow hall running to the elevator. On Tuesday evening Mrs. Hanna and her wife were on their way to the elevator they turned into the hall just as Mrs. Hanna and her son came on the scene from the opposite direction.

Henry Broker, a farmer of Unionport, is a breeder of pigs. When a wagon loaded with swill collected from the American Hotel, at One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street and Third avenue, was dumped into the troughs to-day his driver was horrified when he saw what he concluded were two human legs slide out of the barrel.

"Some one has been murdered," he informed Farmer Broker.

"Notify Capt. Ward," ordered Broker. Before making a move Capt. Ward called upon two respectable old physicians of Unionport and asked them to pass an opinion upon the find. Very carefully they examined the two members and then quickly pronounced them "legs of either a boy or girl about eight years old, which had been backed on while the body was yet warm."

Without delay the search for the murderer of the child began.

The American Hotel was searched from cellar to garret. It happened that the proprietors were absent. Even the examination of the find which had been brought in from Westchester.

Just about this time Volk & King, proprietors of the hotel, learned of the search. They hurried to the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street station. When informed of the discovery of supposed legs in their garbage they laughed heartily. Their mirth was still greater when the Sergeant said he would have to detain them until the matter had been cleared.

Finally the hotel men persuaded the sergeant to detain a man to go with them to the Tremont police station, where the examination of Dr. Curtin was in progress.

"Well, what do you say?" asked they. "Bears' legs," answered the physician. The hotel men had given a bear dinner yesterday.

They met again yesterday. Then the sergeant told them to go to the room of Mrs. Hanna No. 1 with the card of Mrs. Hanna No. 2 attached. Written on the back of the card was this inscription:

"The little Dan."

It is said that the Hannas met at breakfast this morning and the first table where her former husband was sitting with his wife and other thanks for the toy. Then Mrs. Hanna No. 2 shook hands with the little fellow and everybody beamed on everybody else.

Did Not Ask to Be Separated.

A report that as soon as Mrs. Hanna and his wife found out that the first Mrs. Hanna was lodged so close to them they asked to be changed to another part of the hotel is denied, both

TWO MRS. HANNA, WHO
HAVE NOW BECOME FRIENDS.



Mrs. Daisy Gordon Hanna

Mrs. Mary H. Hanna

by the hotel people and Mr. Hanna himself. He was asked about it by the Evening World reporter as he was leaving the hotel to-day.

"There is no truth in it," he said. "That is all I have to say about it. The affair is private. I have not said that there will be a reconciliation, and I refuse to say that there will not be. It is not a public matter at all."

The Evening World learns that the two Mrs. Hannas exchanged visits in their respective rooms to-day and that the second Mrs. Hanna has become a great friend of young Dan, whom she knew, in fact, as a baby long before the matrimonial troubles of Dan Hanna began.

Both women are acting with rare good sense, and where an atmosphere of strife bade fair to settle down on the domestic complication everything is now serene.

The first Mrs. Hanna was May Harrington, a belle of Cleveland. The second Mrs. Hanna was Daisy Gordon, also a belle of Cleveland. In their



DANIEL HANNA JR.

girlhood they were bosom friends. At about the same time May Harrington married Dan Hanna Daisy Gordon married Walter De S. Maud.

Disruption and Divorce.

For quite some time Mrs. Hanna and Mrs. Maud continued their friendship. Then came the disruption and the divorce. Mrs. Hanna was given the custody of the children, with the proviso that the father was to see them at stated intervals. This agreement was lived up to by Mrs. Hanna until she heard that her husband was about to marry her former friend, Mrs. Maud, who had not as yet obtained a divorce.

Mrs. Hanna left Cleveland secretly, but her husband and Senator Hanna got on her trail and followed her to New York.

She eluded them cleverly here and took the children to Europe. Mrs. Maud secured a divorce and one month later she married Dan Hanna.

BEARS' LEGS, NOT
A HUMAN BEING'S

Westchester Police Were Excited Over Find in Barrel—Thought They Had Murder Mystery to Solve.

REMAINS OF "BRUIN" DINNER

A great murder mystery has been solved by the police and all Harlem and Westchester is laughing.

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WEATHER FORECAST.

Forecast for the thirty-six hours ending at 5 P. M. Friday for New York City and vicinity: Fair to-night; Friday fair and colder; brisk west winds.

ODELL GAVE \$10,000
FOR CAMPAIGN.

Files His Statement of Election Expenses, Showing How He Contributed a Year's Salary.

ALBANY, N. Y., Nov. 6.—Gov. Odell contributed to the Republican State campaign fund an amount equal to one year's salary as Governor of the State.

He filed with the Secretary of State to-day his sworn statement of election expenses after the formal declaration required by the Election Law. The statement says:

"The amount so contributed to the Republican State Committee, the sum of \$10,000, was for the proper and legitimate expenses of the campaign, said amount to be paid to E. A. McAlpin, Treasurer, on behalf of said committee. (Signed) B. B. ODELL, Jr."

PRAYED FOR GUIDANCE AFTER
SHE SAW POISON PACKAGE.

During her cross-examination at the Molineux trial Mss. Anna C. Stevenson said she had prayed for divine guidance after she saw the man mail the poison package.

Q. It made you nervous to think of this awful package? A. Yes, it did.

Q. Did you pray about it? A. I believe in prayer.

Q. You asked for divine instruction as to what you should do? A. Yes, I did.

Q. You believe your prayer was answered? A. Yes, I went to the Court of General Sessions.

Q. You saw Cornish getting on the elevator and you said to yourself that is the man? A. I said "it looks like him."

Q. Are you willing to swear Cornish was the man? A. He was dressed like him.

STORM SWEEPS NOME COAST; EIGHT DROWNED. Drowned, three vessels driven ashore and practically every lighter on the Nome beach was wrecked in a storm on Oct. 14.

LATE WINNERS AT LAKESIDE.

Third Race—Worthington 1, Graden 2, Braw Lad 3. Fourth Race—Jordan 1, Rolling Boer 2, Dr. Stephens 3. Fifth Race—Gregor K. Prince of Endurance, Belle Graham. Sixth Race—Domadge 1, Harney 2, Henry of Franstamar.

WOMAN SWEARS
SHE THINKS CORNISH
MAILED POISON.

Dramatic Climax in the Molineux Trial When Mrs. Stevenson Says She Believes Athletic Instructor Is the Man She Saw in Post-Office.

Cornish Stands Unhesitatingly and Shows No Excitement While the Woman Scrutinizes Him, and Her Identification Is Not Positive.

The most sensational moment in the Molineux trial was reached at 4:30 o'clock this afternoon when Mrs. Anna Stevenson, in the course of her testimony for the defense, was asked to say if Harry Cornish was the man whom she saw with a package in his hand addressed to "Harry Cornish, Knickerbocker Club," at the New York Postoffice.

Cornish was directed by Mr. Osborne to stand up in the court-room. He did so.

"Is that the man you saw?" Mr. Osborne asked. "Well, I don't know. I think it is," said Mrs. Stevenson. Then she hesitated a minute and continued: "Yes, I think that is the man."

SURE IT WAS NOT MOLINEUX.

Mrs. Stevenson testified positively that Roland B. Molineux was not the man she saw, but her identification of Cornish was hesitating and uncertain.

Cornish was not visibly disturbed by the witness. He stood erect and calm while Mrs. Stevenson scrutinized him, and while the people in the crowded court-room fixed their eyes upon him. It was a moment of intense excitement. The court-room had never been so still during the trial, and every head was stretched forward with eagerness so that not a word might be lost.

HOW SHE SAW MAN.

Mrs. Stevenson said she had for many years been in the habit of coming to Manhattan twice a week. She always came by the Hamilton Ferry, and on Friday's walked to Washington Market, where she made purchases of food supplies. On Dec. 23, 1898, she left the market about 4 o'clock and walked up Vesey street past St. Paul's Chapel.

There was a blockade and a man jostled her, and she noticed that he was nervous. He drew a package from his pocket, and because of his nervous actions she looked at it. She saw plainly that it was addressed to "Mr. Harry Cornish, Knickerbocker." That was all of the address she saw. The man, the witness said, was about 5 feet 8 inches tall.

Q. Where did he go? A. To the Postoffice. I followed.

Q. What entrance did he go in? A. The Broadway, the one nearest the Battery.

Mrs. Stevenson then identified the exhibit of the poison package as the one the man had.

"It certainly resembles it," she said. "That is the handwriting that I saw and the address, Mr. Harry Cornish, Knickerbocker."

Q. What did he do? A. He put the package in the slot. I put mine in the same place.

Q. What did he do? A. He left and I lost track of him.

When Gov. Black turned the witness over to Mr. Osborne he asked: HE WAS POINTED OUT.

Q. Has any one been pointed out to you as the man you saw? A. Yes (hesitatingly).

"Stand up, Cornish," called Mr. Osborne. Cornish stooped up.

Q. Now, do you identify him or not? A. He looks to me very much like the man.

Q. Aren't you more sure? A. That is the best answer I can give.

Q. Now, don't you think he is the man (impressively). A. Yes—yes (very hesitatingly).

Q. How many stamps were on the package. A. Three, and they were in a row, I think.

There are five stamps on the poison package. They are in two rows. Mr. Osborne then made the witness repeat in detail just what happened in the Post-Office.

NEW WITNESS SAYS MOLINEUX
DIDN'T BUY BOTTLE-HOLDER

Before Mrs. Stephenson took the stand the defense furnished two surprises. One was rather dramatic. It was given by Martin Huff, a travelling salesman. He said he saw the man who purchased the bottle-holder sent to Cornish with the poison package. He happened to be in Hartdegen's store in Newark at the time. Ex-Gov. Black called on Molineux to stand up. The witness said positively Molineux was not the purchaser.

The other surprise was given by Louis Jacobson, salesman in a drug store at Sixty-sixth street and Park avenue, who said he had sold bromo seltzer to both Mrs. Rogers and Harry Cornish. When Cornish was on the stand he declared he had never tasted bromo seltzer and Mrs. Rogers said she had never bought any of the stuff.

Prisoner Shows Strain. Molineux's face was unusually pale when his trial was resumed. Gen. Molineux was asked by an Evening World reporter if his son was feeling well.

"No," said the General. "He says he did not sleep at all last night. I suppose he will be all right in a few minutes. He took some bromide when he found he was unable to eat breakfast."

It was noticed later that Molineux did not take the interest in the statements made by Expert Carvalho that he manifested in the testimony of the experts for the prosecution.

"This case is a fluent fizzle," said ex-Gov. Black just before the trial was resumed before Justice Lambert. Mr. Black borrowed the phrase from Handwriting Expert Warren H. Drake's description of the writing of the prisoner. Mr. Drake said Molineux began writing a word in one style and ended with a "fluent fizzle."

"Why do you call the case a 'fluent fizzle'?" Mr. Black was asked. "Because it is a vapid wandering of a loose mind," was the lawyer's reply. Handwriting Expert Cornish, who began his testimony yesterday for the defense, returned to the stand when court opened this morning and resumed his

(Continued on Second Page.)